

IT MUST BE A GOOD KIDNEY MEDICINE

I have been selling Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root for more than twenty years and do not remember of having to replace a single bottle, therefore it leads me to believe it is a good kidney medicine.

It is a good seller, and I find it hard to sell anything else instead, when they call for Swamp-Root.

Yours very truly,
UNION DRUG COMPANY,
W. C. McDougald, Prop.
April 24th, 1917. Covington, Tenn.

Letter to
Dr. Kilmer & Co.,
Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention The Chattanooga News. Regular, medium and large size bottles for sale at all drug stores. (Adv.)

BLEACH YOUR DARK SKIN



Have Soft, Fair, Clear, Bright Skin.

Use Black and White. Sent by Mail 25c. Many agents are making an easy living.

Just try Black and White Ointment (for white or colored folk). Apply as directed on package, to face, neck, arms or hands. It is very pleasant to the skin and has the effect of bleaching dark, mallow or blotchy skin, clearing the skin or rashes, bumps, pimples, blackheads, wrinkles, tan or freckles—giving you a clear, soft, fair, bright complexion, making you the envy of everybody. Sold on a money-back guarantee, only 25c (stamps or coin) sent by mail.

FREE.
If you send \$1 for four boxes of Black and White Ointment, a 25c cake of Black and White Soap included free. Agents make an easy living resending us. Apply for territory and special deal. Address Plough Chemical Co., Dept. 11, Memphis, Tenn. Write now—today—while you think about it. Black and white ointment sold everywhere. (Adv.)

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Coca-Cola
AT ALL GROCERY STORES, CAFES AND STANDS. 65¢ A BOTTLE.

DROPSY Specialist
Usually gives quick relief; have entirely relieved many seemingly hopeless cases. Swelling and short breath soon gone. Often gives entire relief in 15 to 25 days. Trial treatment sent by mail FREE. DR. THOMAS E. GREEN, Successor to Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, Box N, Chatsworth, Ga.

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This is all we ask for insurance. Why pay more? Ford, any model, \$20.00; Maxwell, any model, \$20.00; Oakland, any model, \$20.00; Stinson, any model, \$20.00; 1918-1919 Buick, \$20.00; Chevrolet, any model, \$20.00; Dodge, any model, \$20.00. Other models in proportion. Better phone us today.
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Junior High School
Friday, March 1st
at 8 P. M.
Princess Radziwill
Will Lecture on
RUSSIA
A Most Timely Discussion
Admission 25c

TENNESSEE LEADS IN CORN QUALITY

Many Other States Will Draw Seed Supplies From Volunteer State This Year.

(Special to The News.)
Nashville, Feb. 26.—The general grade of the corn crop raised in Tennessee last year was higher than that of any state in the Union, and farmers of the southern states, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois will get the bulk of their seed corn for this year's planting from dealers in this state.
This information was given out by the state department of agriculture, which is taking every precaution to see that no inferior corn seed is sold for planting in Tennessee or the outside states depending on Tennessee for the product. Most of the faulty corn raised in this state was destroyed last fall or fed to hogs.
The department, however, urges the farmers to begin as early as possible next month to test the germinating quality of the seed corn they intend to plant. This is done to prevent the planting of seed that will not germinate, and if the advice is faithfully followed Tennessee will raise a bumper corn crop for Uncle Sam and his allies, provided the weather conditions are favorable.

PRESBYTERIAN WOMEN CALL OFF MEETING

(Special to The News.)
Nashville, Feb. 26.—It has been announced that the biennial meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary society of the Presbyterian church, U. S. A., which was to have been held in Nashville in April, will not be held. The conference was called off because of the congested railroad traffic conditions due to the war, and the fact that Nashville will find it very difficult to entertain visitors after work on the powder plant is placed in full way.

JAPANESE HAVE EYE UPON SIBERIA; MAY ACT SOON

Harbin, Wednesday, Feb. 20.—The Japanese, according to reliable authority, intend to take action in Siberia at an early date, and there are evidences that the Japanese have long been prepared to carry out this move.
The situation in Siberia is considered extremely grave, owing to the inability of the Cossack general, Semonoff, head of the antibolshevik movement in that vast territory, to secure allied support, for which he has appealed to the Japanese.
Gen. Semonoff's movement is now officially recognized, and a general committee has been formed at Harbin which will act as a general staff divided into three departments—financial, military and administrative. The Russian consul, M. Popoff, has been appointed chairman of the committee.
Two thousand Germans have been armed and are drilling at Irkutsk, capital of the government of Irkutsk, in eastern Siberia, and according to an official report received from a former consul, the Germans are making all preparations to bring much larger forces there.

BOARD OF CONTROL GRANTS PAROLES FOR 6 PRISONERS

(Special to The News.)
Nashville, Feb. 26.—The board of control granted paroles to the following state convicts last week: Dave Claiborne, Madison county; Tom Doyle, Sullivan county; Eugene Blake, colored, Sullivan county; Annie May Bell, colored, Warren county; John W. Smith, Bedford county; Will Brown, colored, Shelby county; and James Hefner, Montgomery county.

'CASCARETS' SET YOUR LIVER AND BOWELS RIGHT

They're fine! Don't remain bilious, sick, headachy and constipated.

Best for colds, bad breath, sour stomach—children love them.

Get a 10-cent box now. Be cheerful! Clean up inside to-night and feel fine. Take Cascarets to loosen your liver and clean the bowels and stop headaches, a bad cold, biliousness, offensive breath, coated tongue, salivations, sour stomach and gasses. Tonight take Cascarets and enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced. Wake up feeling grand—Everybody's doing it. Cascarets best laxative for children also. (Adv.)

IN THE ARMY YOU NEED "PEP"

"What is the one thing a man needs most to be a good soldier?" a colonel of the regulars was asked recently.
"Pep," he said. "Plenty of vim, vigor and vitality—a man that feels so good that he's always looking for more to do instead of trying to get out of what he has to do. The fellow with lots of pep will get higher up."

And what's good for the army is good for civil life. Without correct breathing there can be no great vigor—no "pep." One great aid to breathing is to open the nose with Menth-Alba, a pure white cream, which lubricates the nose, always swelling, removes incrustations, heals the mucous membrane and enables one to take deep draughts of fresh air, the oxygen of which burns up impurities of the system, thereby removing the poisons that have been causing sluggishness. A little Menth-Alba does a mighty lot of good and it costs only a quarter at drug stores, or send to Spaulding-Neal Company, Nashville, Tenn., for free sample. (Adv.)

MENTH-ALBA COLD IN HEAD

HERE'S A KISS FOR THE CHILDREN OF GALLANT BUT STRICKEN FRANCE

Nation Sees That War's Horrors Are Kept From the Little Ones as Much as Possible.

(By Lillian Chester.)
(Copyright, 1918, by the Newspaper Enterprise Association.)

Paris, Feb. 26.—One can never quite decide whether these smart little snappy children of France have been copied from the fashion magazines, or whether the fashion magazines have copied from the children.

To begin with, as soon as they're able to walk they know how to wear their clothes.
The Frenchwoman's inborn knack of putting on a bonnet jauntily is in the tiniest girl toddler; the boy has the same jauntiness, and if he is the proud possessor of a military cape, he sure that one corner of it flaunts dashingly over his small shoulder, to reveal the gay lining.

On a day when there is a lifting of the mists which envelop Paris in the winter, and the very air glows as if it were full of fine spun gold, it is a joy to walk on the Champs-Élysées, for the children are laughing there.

That walk is like turning over the pages of a brightly colored picture book. The luminous lacquer of the trees, on that beautiful broad avenue, the quantity mingled traffic, the throngs of queerly assorted people on bench and pave, the vendors, the park swings and merry-go-rounds, form the border embellishment; but the pictures, those bright splashes of vivid color here and there and everywhere, are the children.

There's a wee girl in a yellow coat; a tawny yellow, but as warm as the sun itself just before it turns crimson in the western sky.
Absurdly short is that coat, and the skirts beneath it, ending well above the knees, and revealing two long, lean little legs in smart white leggings.

On the top of her head, right in the midst of her glossy black curls, a round patch of a skull cap, with a saucy tassel bobbing about one ear.

Prim and sedate, she stands on a big snowball, and forms about as the tableau which could be put in so small a space. Only an instant of that wonderful pose, then there's a flash of yellow through the air, and she's racing up the avenue after a diminutive boy in red military pants, his toy gun in one hand and her doll in the other.

There are tiny blobs of darting color in all the shades of pink and blue; there are violets and grays and glorious greens. And there's a little girl in scarlet! There's another one! No, there are three of them, all exactly the same size, all dressed exactly alike, all with absurdly long lean legs stretching far down from absurdly short skirts, all pink-checked, red-lipped, sparkling-eyed, and each with a small dog led by a scarlet strap.

Deep in the delights of "follow my leader" are these three; but it's a slow game, because each of the boys, in his turn, must get up on the bench and do a series of stunts, without exactly understanding why. Sometimes dogs are more or less dumb.

There's another youngster with a wooden gun. Oh, yes, rather a cheap wooden gun, for even the kid is doing without things on behalf of the big war; but they're not being deprived; they're making sacrifices, and know that they're doing it, and are proud of it!

Guns are especially popular these past few years with small boys. This one has on the velvet "tam" of a polli, and he walks with quite an air of responsibility for a person who is only five. He's one of the future men of France, and seems to know it, somehow or other.

It gives rise to rather sober reflection to note that his mother is in deep mourning. One might think that the cause of that mourning would make her object to a gun as a toy for her baby, and that there might be pain in her in the martial stride with which he carries it, but nothing of the sort is apparent, for as he says something to her he looks up with a laugh, and she answers with a smile.

Skating in the Bois de Boulogne! There, with gay knitted caps and warm mittens and skates over their shoulders, marches a group of kiddies, the biggest ones in the lead and the littlest ones stretching their legs almost straight out to keep up with the procession. Strange, there are no sleds. It scarcely snows often enough for that, however.

Here are a couple of gamine! No change in them anywhere in the world. Battered shoes and knitted caps like dunce caps jammed down over their ears, the tassels half off of one cap and entirely off of the other, and the inevitable knitted muffler wrapped around the neck and streaming over a shoulder or beneath an arm, somewhere, but flaunting with French jauntiness wherever the ends may be.

Pier-red cheeks they have, and wide grins, and a dancing devil in each eye; and they are indulging in the perhaps unrefined but universally known joy of bumping each other off the sidewalk.

The poor as well as the rich have a right to the Champs-Élysées, and while there may be a difference in the quality of their clothes and a difference in the making, there is small difference in the way they wear them. Small difference, too, in the happiness of their faces, for the parents of France are doing this wonderful thing for their children, rich and poor and middle-class alike: they are keeping from them as much as possible the ghastly horror of this war.

There are those who have no parents. The orphans of France form a great and constantly-growing problem. Much has been done toward saving these future generations which must replenish France; much more must be done. Those who have given must give, and give, and give again; for these coming citizens need more than food and shelter. If they are to grow up useful to humanity, and as brave as the fathers who died for humanity's sake, they must be made happy as well as healthy.

No gloom for the little ones! Everybody in France makes that a constant effort.

It cannot be an easy task for a grief-stricken woman to turn always a smiling face when her child asks for its dead father.

We know a most conscientious woman who did not quite succeed one day. She succumbed to the tremendous bitterness which was in her; against not only the hell-loosed Hun who had taken her husband and two brothers, but against everything, to the infinitesimal force protest that she, in the midst of peace and happiness, and her countless widowed sisters of France, had been plunged into such needless agonies of grief!

She cried! Something stopped her; the voice of her 3-year-old son, who was crying out of sheer sympathy. Her first, and her most natural, instinct was to clasp him in her arms; but at the same moment came the thought that if future France is to maintain its centuries-old sublimity of courage and endurance it was for her, as for every mother, to set an example of strength. So she dried her tears, and smiled.

But the future Frenchman was started, and could not stop. The most powerful lever was used; he was told that little French gentlemen did not cry! It was a terrible blow, and he struggled with all his baby might to "chew the high ideal" which was his because it was



Lillian Chester

his mother's; but the sobs continued. Amidst them he stoutly maintained that he was a little French gentleman, even if he did cry; and that took almost more strength than his mother possessed, for she was compelled to dispute his proposition; whereupon he turned from her knee and toddled to the door.

He opened it, he marched through, snuffling and snuffling, he closed that door; but not altogether. A tiny crack remained; it held slightly wavering for a long time, a very long time. The mother, sitting perfectly motionless, had as hard a struggle as the one which was going on in the hall.

Ah! The door opened, and a smiling but moist face was revealed, while a triumphant voice proclaimed that the owner thereof was, indeed and in fact, a little French gentleman! That's the sort of little boys who grew up to be

the sort of men who held Verdun! It is one of our great privileges also to know a certain little Madeline, who is 5½ years old. Madeline, of course, cannot remember when there was no war; but she can remember with vivid distinctiveness the air raids which occurred in the beginning, when the Germans were more convinced than now that the world was their football, and that all they had to do was come over in leisurely fashion, three or four nights a week, and drop bombs until all the little Madelines and Yvones and Henri and Jacques were destroyed.

It has been a long time since the German has felt it safe or profitable to try that trick on Paris, but long as the time is, Madeline can remember the warning scream of the siren, the deafening reports of the aircraft guns, the whizz and shriek of the falling bombs, the crash of the explosions, the fires which flared up.

The other night, when there was a practice warning of the siren, to keep the defense system in working order, like a fire drill, Madeline's mother quivered at the first sound, but that was all.

She sat bravely in her chair, and went on eating her dinner, and even managed to answer, though somewhat wanly, a reassuring smile.

Do you know why Madeline did not cry when that weird, wild sound struck terror to her heart? She couldn't! They had company for dinner!

That is the sort of little girls who grew up to be the sort of mothers who raised the sort of sons who held Verdun!

JACKSON DOCTOR NAMED MEMBER MEDICAL BOARD

(Special to The News.)
Nashville, Feb. 26.—Gov. Rye has re-appointed Dr. Ambrose McCoy, of Jackson, a member of the state board of medical examiners to represent the homeopathic school of medicine.

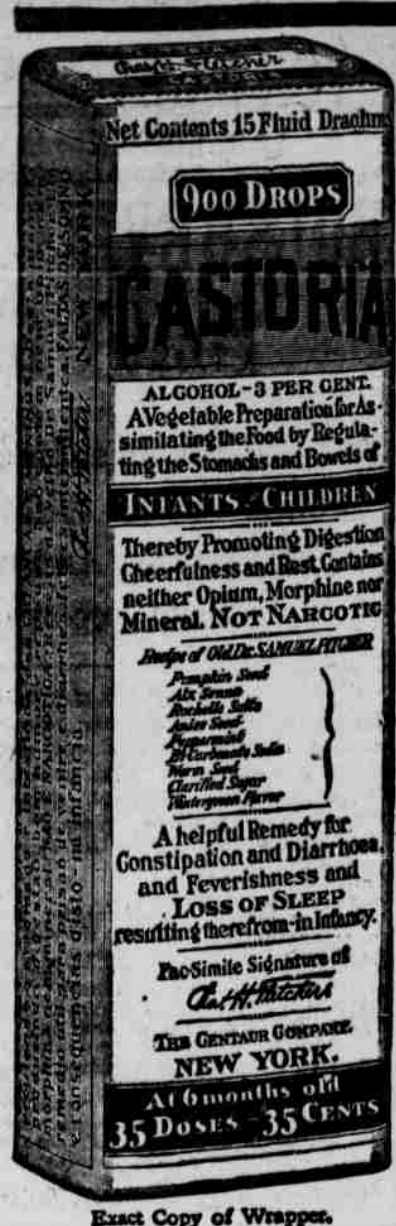
OFFICERS TO INSPECT POWDER PLANT SITE

(Special to The News.)
Nashville, Feb. 26.—Maj. Walter Harve, of the Fifty-second Infantry, United States army, has arrived in Nashville to inspect the site of the government powder plant with a view of recommending methods for the protection of the plant by United States soldiers. He made an inspection of the site and buildings that are being erected Monday afternoon, and will report to the war department. He will give the department his estimate of the number of men needed for the work of protection, and also what is needed in the way of barracks and other facilities.

The Drink Needs It

"A-I-M" adds a "twang" to a cola drink. Puts "Traz" in your system, puts the "stay-there" in your veins, helps digestion, builds you up. Fountain down town put a dash in gratis if you ask. (Adv.)

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